

XII

# TRUTH'S TRIUMPH:

OR,  
Old Miracles newly revived  
in the Gracious preservation of our  
Soveraigne Lord the KING.

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By IOHN TAYLOR.

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— *Miranda canunt, sed vix credenda Poëta.*

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# TRUTH'S TRIUMPH,

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Old Miracles newly revived in the  
Gracious Preservation of our Sovereigne  
Lord the KING.

**G**ods glorious, gracious *Volume* doth relate  
How (out of Nothing) He did All Create:  
Made *man, True, Holy, Just*, who (towlcly) tell  
And *God* Redeem'd him from sin, death, and  
His *Miracles* of Judgment, fearefull, rare, (hell:  
His *Miracles* of Mercy Mighty are;  
Which makes my *Muse* this *Miracle* to Sing  
How graciously *God* hath preserv'd my King.  
The *Ravens* fed *Elias* in his need,  
And Hungry *Daniel, Abacuck* did feed,  
The *Meale* and *Oyle*, did every day encrease  
In Rich Aboundance, till the Dearth did cease,  
King *David*, oftentimes to flee was forc'd,  
And (like a *Partridge* or'e the Mountaines Courf'd,  
Th'Almighty still being their Great defence  
Sav'de them from *Famine, Sword, and Pestilence*,  
And as these *Miracles* long Since were done,  
Yet *God* hath Lately shewed a Gracious one,

Which

Which proves my King th' Adopted son of God,  
 Else he had Ruin'd beene, or downe beene Trod.  
 For when Rebellion had the Land or'espread,  
 And that the foot durst kicke against the Head;  
 When each *Fox* had a *Hole*, each Bird a Nest  
 And He no place his Royall Head to Rest;  
 Depriv'd of *Houses*, *Castles*, *Townes* and *Fortes*,  
 Of *Shipping*, *Ammunition*, *Havens*, and *Portes*,  
 Of *Powder*, *Shot*, *Guns*, *Pikes*, onely one *Sword*  
 Was Left him, which is Gods Eternall Word;  
 Besides all this, his *Magazins*, his *Tower*,  
 His *Meanes*, *Rents*, *Customes*, Ravish'd from his power,  
 All his *Revenues* stopp'd, his *Aides* all staid,  
 His Freinds, and faithfull Subjects pri'sners laid,  
 Or Banish'd, or undone, both they and theirs  
 Whilst Povertie's their Portions, and their Heires.  
 His Antient Servants, ( like poore sheepe forlorne )  
 Despis'd and Look'd on with the Eyes of Scorne,  
 Because they could not, or would not Maintaine  
 Disloyall warre against their Sovereigne.  
 Nay more, His Gracious Queene (that Royall shee)  
 Was for Her safety forc'd perforce to flee;  
 What Wickednesse Could worse be Hatched then  
 When He, that is the onely man of men,  
 And She, the Woman for Her Vertues wonderd,  
 So woefully should be divorc'd and sunderd.  
 He whose Integrity's Admir'd, Approv'd,  
 She who deserves of all to be belov'd,  
 A Blessed fruitfull Mother, and Thereby  
 Her issue may the whole world dignify.  
 He, should my pen presume his praise to write  
 'Twere like a Taper to give *Phabus* Light;

She, that in Princely vertues doth excell,  
 In whom the Goddesses and Graces Dwell,  
 In heart Heroicke, like the Thund'ers Bride,  
 Like *Citherea*, She is Beautifide,  
 Magnanimous, Like *Ioues* Brave Braine-Borne Girle  
 In State and Minde of Maiesty the pearle.  
 This Matchles Paire, (with whom none may compare)  
 By Rude, unruly Rebels sundred were.  
 Their onely faults are, they are both too good  
 For such as have their Goodnes thus withstood.  
 A Milde *Iosias* will not serve their Turne,  
 But Gracelesse they against his Mildnesse Spurne:  
 A *Nero*, or an *Heliogabalus*.  
 Were fitter far, for Such as wrong'd him thus.  
 His Blessed Raigne (from Cruelty exempt)  
 Requited with disloyall Curst Contempr,  
 Traduc'd in Pulpits, and in printed Lies,  
 Abus'd with needlesse feares, and Jealousies;  
 Tax'd, he would beare an Arbitrary sway,  
 And turne Religion to the Romish way:  
 In Conventicles, Sermons, Drinking, Walking,  
 Or in discourse, Treason was safest talking.  
 Besides all this (to all true Subjects Griefe)  
 His never Broken Word gain'd no Beliefe,  
 His Vowes, and Protestations, firme and Just  
 (Which I account High Treason to distrust)  
 All unbeleev'd, Misconstred, wrongly wrested  
 By false Surmise of men, Disloyall Breasted.  
 No faith was Left'em, doubtfull diffidence,  
 Had Banish'd all Beliefe, and confidence;  
 God and the King, were both us'd in one fashion,  
 The *Creed* was thrust out of the Congregation:

The devill amongst them did such Whimseyes fling,  
 They neither would beleeve God, or the King.  
 For if they thought there were a God indeed,  
 They then would know damnation is decreed  
 In Scripture, for Resisting powers ordain'd  
 By God, which should be honour'd and maintain'd.  
 It is a Maxime, hath beene alwaies held,  
 The Protestant Religion ne're Rebell'd:  
 Their Doctrine teaches humbly to obey,  
 And, Whatsoever Seperatists can say,  
 It plaine Appeares, they are not Protestants  
 That ('gainst their King) uncivill Warres Advance.  
 Thus did new *Englands* Sects Strive Impiously,  
 To turne old *England* to an Anarchy.  
 Thus was my Gracious Leige of all Bereft,  
 And (in the world's opinion) little left,  
 Then was he Rich in God, Then had he most,  
 Th' Almighty Rais'd for him a mighty Hoste,  
 Brave Armes, and Armies, in his Cause to fight,  
 And set *faithes* true *Defender* in his Right.  
 With Hope, and Confidence hee's armed still,  
 And humbly waites upon his makers will:  
 With these he hath oppos'd false fortunes frownes,  
 With these he hath Recover'd Strength and Townes:  
 With these he hath got mony (warres strong nerves)  
 With these Hee's serv'd because his God he serves.  
 With these his Magnanimity hath won  
 Triumphant Honours, that shall ne're be done.  
 But Beyond Time his fame shall ever last,  
 And he in blest Eternity be plac'd.  
 All praise to thee, Eternall King of Kings,  
 That coverd'st Him with thy protections wings.

With Such Miraculous Grace, that all may see  
 My Soveraignes Safety All Consists in Thee.  
 When as *Affiria's* King, (or th' *Aramite*)  
 'Gainst *Israel* came, with Numbers Infinite,  
 2 *Kings*, 6. 8. The Man of God (*Elisha*) did disclose  
 The plots and purposes of *Israel's* foes.  
 In *Dothan* then the Prophet did Reside,  
 And *Aram* did a Mighty Host provide,  
 And Seidg'd that Towne, (with terror much dismayd)  
*Elishaes* Servant also was afraid:  
*Alas Master, How shall we do said He,*  
*The Prophet said, feare not, for with us be*  
*More then with them; Then did the Prophet pray*  
*His mans Mindes Blindnesse might be tooke away,*  
*And presently Such Sight did Him Inspire*  
*He saw his Master Compass Rownd with fire,*  
*And all the Mountaine full of wondrous forces*  
*Of Heavenly Soldiers, Charets, men and Horses.*  
*Elishaes Prayer did such favour find*  
*That all the Aramites were Strait Strooke Blind*  
*And so Captiv'd, their mighty Host did bring*  
*Into Samaria, unto Israells King.*  
*Again the Prophet praid unto the Lord,*  
*And presently their Sightes were all Restor'd,*  
 v. 20. *With feare, they saw themselves environ'd Round,*  
 By those, whom they had purpos'd to Confound.  
 Th' *Affirians* Being in this piteous plight,  
 Quoth *Israel's* King (twice) *Father, shall I Smite;*  
*The Prophet Answerd, I say Smite them not,*  
*Those with the sword whom thou hast Captive Got;*  
 Although they're foes they're men, oppress'd with greif,  
 Give Bread and Water to'em, for Releife.

Then

*Then did the King Great preparation make,*  
*And (on his, foes did much compassion take,*  
*He fed them, and in peace he sent them back*  
*Who came to be his Ruin and his Wrack.*  
*So, thus th' Almighty pleased his foes to tame,*  
*And Arams Bands no more to Israel came.*  
 Thus unto *Israel* was deliverance given,  
 Miraculously by the hand of Heaven.  
 When *Ammon* Joynd with *Moab*, and *Mount Seir*,  
 Good King *Jehosaphat* to overbear  
 With Multitudes of Horse, and men of war,  
 So that all Humane Hope, and Helpe was far.  
 God then a Prophet rais'd who truly said,  
*Stand Still Jehosaphat, be not dismayd,*  
*Behold the Lords Salvation, he hath spoak,*  
 The feild is thine, thou shalt not strike a stroake.  
 Strait the mistakeing *Ammonite* (pell mell)  
 Together by the Eares with *Moab* fell,  
 Each, thought the other *Judah's* force to be  
 In Bloudy Battaille deadly blows did flee.  
 At last *Mount Seir*, (or th'warlike *Edomite*)  
 Came in, and on them both, Renew'd the fight,  
 The slaughter was so Great, that death was Cloyd,  
 And thus Gods foes, themselves, themselves destroyd.  
 Thus whilest they did each other overthrow,  
 The King had victory and strooke no blow.  
 My application of all this, is this,  
 That *God* that ever was, for ever *Is*,  
 He sav'd *Samaria* from the *Aramites*,  
 And Just *Jehosaphat* from *Ammonites*,  
 And from th'Incestuous brood of *Moabites*,  
 And *Esau's* Rough-haird seed, the *Edomites*.

7. 23.

2 Chr. 20.

The

The thoughts of Kings are open to his fight,  
 And he doth know, King *Charles* his heart is right.  
 By Miracles of old 'tis Manifest,  
 Th' Almighty hath his wondrous power exprest;  
 And Sure, the Miracle, God shew'd of late  
 Is Admirable, Loving, Gracious, Great.  
 The Kings own Subjects, His own servants too  
 Payd, and gave Ayd, their Sovereigne to undo:  
 With His own Weapons, Armes, and every thing  
 They, (in the Kings Name) warr against the King.  
 Then, in that Low, unworthy exigent  
 The Powerfull hand of the Omnipotent  
 Raised him againe, to beat Rebellion downe,  
 And to regaine againe, (in peace) his owne.  
 When (like to *Aram*) our Blind *Separatists*  
 Have Clear'd their Blear'd Eyes from Erroneous Mists,  
 The Nose-wise *Brownist* Grauely doth begin  
 To see the foolerie he hath liv'd in,  
 The *Anabaptist* likewise hath found out  
 How he hath gone the furthest way about.  
 The *Papist* (as I hope) is quite past Hope  
 That *England* shall be pester'd with the *Pope*,  
 And every Idle Sect discountenanc'd,  
 And onely *Protestants* true faith advanc'd.  
 This God by *Miracle* for us hath don,  
 And *England* Hath it's ancient glory Won.  
 Prophetically true, I hope these Lines  
 Of mine will prove, for (as my Soule divines)  
 The Lord these things to passe will shortly bring,  
 And God, for ever Blesse and Save the King.

FINIS.